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MONTANA OUTDOORS

Special Photo Issue

MONTANA OUTDOORS

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Front cover: Nelson Kenter (blue grouse)
Inside front cover: Alan G. Nelson (raccoon)
Back cover: Vince Fischer (autumn aspen)

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Whitewater rafting, Flathead River: Tim Lucas

"Photographers have a handicap not confronted by other artists: They have a subject and have to make the best of it. If there is a TV antenna on that picturesque log cabin the film will record it. A painter may simply leave it off. If an expression on a face does not fit the desired mood, an artist's knife can change it in the clay. We photographers are stuck. We have to work harder to make that ugly telephone pole part of the composition. . . .

"The finest camera may be the weakest link. The art in an artistic photograph originates in the mind of the artist operating the camera."

—adapted from "Photography, An Art," by Denes G. Istvanffy, Billings, 1967, in *The Arts in Montana*, collected and edited by H.G. Merriam, © 1977, Montana Institute of the Arts Foundation (used with permission)

It happens regularly in the art world (and elsewhere): the marriage of diverse components. For example, the singer is accompanied by a haunting oboe. The dancer moves to symphonic sounds. Once again, we at *Montana Outdoors* have worked toward a happy union between the gifted photographers who share their images with us, and words. This year, we selected words from Montana writers—those who live or lived in Montana, or those who spend as much of their time here as they can. We think it's a match made in heaven.

The pen and ink sketches accompanying several of the quotes were prepared especially for this issue by Robert Neaves, Corvallis. We think his drawings bind words and pictures even more closely together.

"It is only a statement of physical fact to say: Mountains are as close as the surface of our planet reaches toward the heavens. The purest air, the purest water, and the purest light on earth are found amidst these great uplifted forms. They are the source of awesome natural power, shaping winds and weather and the rivers that flow across the land. And they are the home of very special communities of living creatures.

"In North America there is one large animal that belongs almost entirely to the realm of towering rock and unmelting snow. Pressing hard against the upper limit of life's possibilities, it exists higher and steeper throughout the year than any other big beast on the continent. It is possibly the best and most complete mountaineer that ever existed on any continent. *Oreamnos americanus* is its scientific name. Its common name is the mountain goat."

Douglas H. Chadwick
"The High, Free Places"
A Beast the Color of Winter
[used with author's permission]

Young sparrow hawks: Alan G. Nelson
Mountain goat: Ron Shade

Trees at timberline: Ron Shade
Fishing the Yellowstone: Michael H. Francis

Bison: Debi Ottinger

"Below him was the multitudinous river, and, where the rock had parted it around him, big-grained vapor rose. The mini-molecules of water left in the wake of his line made momentary loops of gossamer, disappearing so rapidly in the rising big-grained vapor that they had to be retained in memory to be visualized as loops. The spray emanating from him was finer-grained still and enclosed him in a halo of himself. The halo of himself was always there and always disappearing, as if he were candlelight flickering about three inches from himself. The images of himself and his line kept disappearing into the rising vapors of the river, which continually circled to the tops of the cliffs where, after becoming a wreath in the wind, they became rays of the sun."

Norman Maclean
A River Runs through It
© 1976, The University of Chicago Press
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Hunter's moon: Nelson Kenter
Douglas-fir cones: Larry Dech

"...The country had created a distance as deep as it was empty, and the people accepted and treated each other with distance.

"But the distance I felt came not from country or people; it came from within me. I was as distant from myself as a hawk from the moon...."

James Welch
Winter in the Blood
© 1974, by James Welch
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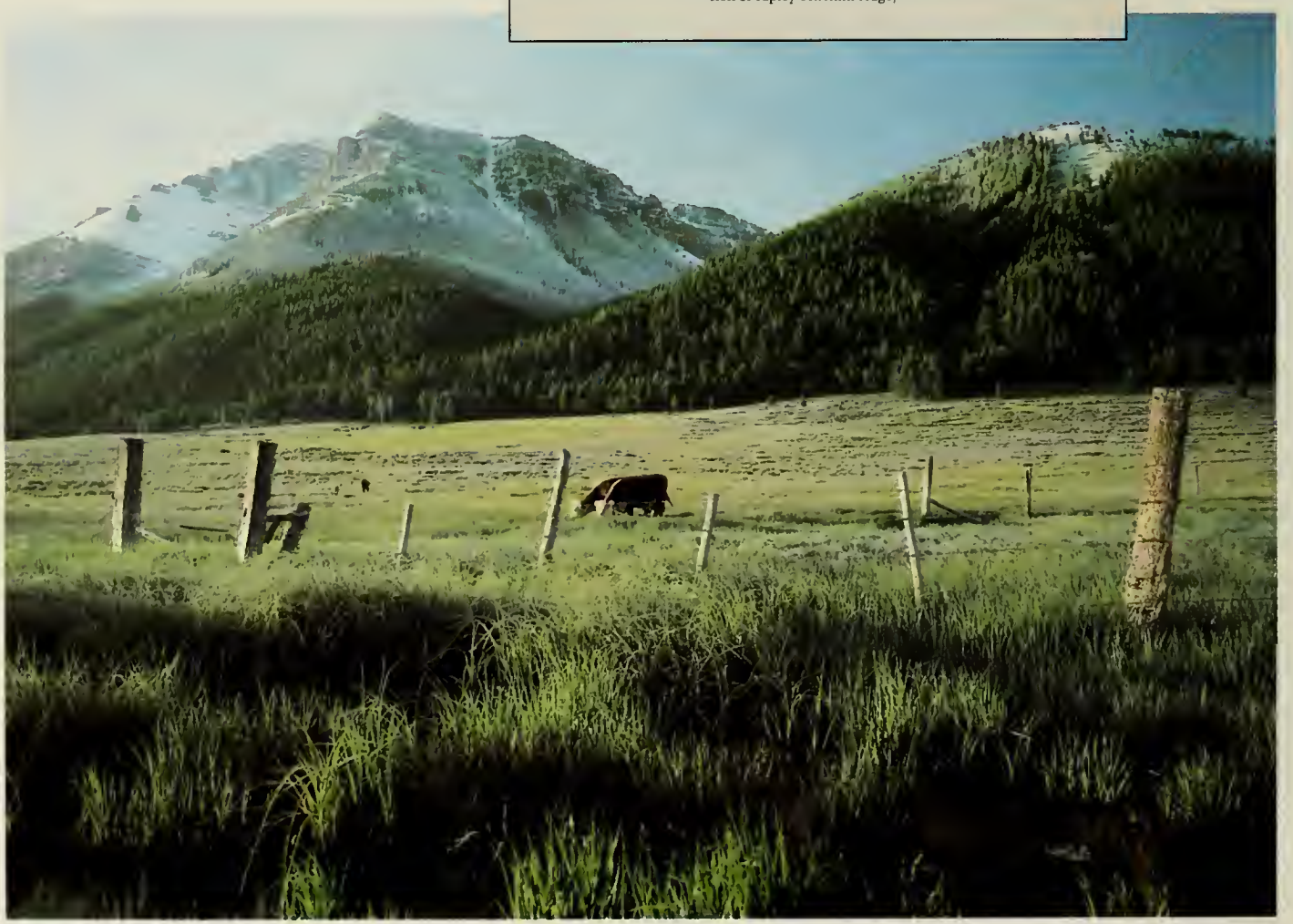
"Clouds bring rivers closer, bring closer
the homesteader's cabin, the antelope herd.
Clouds move on and the day opens to distance.
Animals are dots. They could be cattle or sheep.
Whatever, they no doubt graze safely, and sky
drums wide. Whole symphonies live between
here and a distant whatever-we-look-at.
At night, what we can't see advances
fast and armed over the quaking plain."

Richard Hugo
"Distances"
Sea Lanes Out

© 1984, the estate of Richard Hugo (used with permission of Ripley Schemm Hugo)



Centennial Valley: Tim Lucas
Great gray owl: Michael H. Francis

Great blue heron: Gary D. Holmes
Dancing sandhill cranes: Mike Logan

Unregistered guest at Sperry Chalet, Glacier National Park: Gary D. Holmes
Common terns: Keith Szafranski

Bighorn sheep: Ron Shade (both photos)

"Summers gestured, saying, 'Lookee!'

" 'What?'

" 'On the top of the hill there. On the rimrock.'

"A wild creature stood there, gazing down at them from under an arch of horn that seemed too much to carry.

" 'Rocky Mountain sheep,' said Summers. 'Bighorn. What the French call a *grossecorne*. You'll see a heap of 'em farther up.' "

A.B. Guthrie, Jr.
The Big Sky

© 1947, © renewed 1974 by A.B. Guthrie, Jr., published by Houghton Mifflin Co. (used with permission)

"There will be room for adventurers here. In Montana everyone has a quarter of a square mile (ten times as much space as the average American can claim for himself) in which to stomp about and shout, or just to lie and look up at the vibrant blue-green sky. It always reaches just beyond the horizon, and the horizon seems always to be still within Montana."

Joseph Kinsey Howard
"The Old North Trail"
Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome

© 1943, Yale University Press
(used with permission)

Eared grebe: Keith Szafranski
Ospreys: Peter and Alice Bengeyfield
Sage grouse: Peter and Alice Bengeyfield

"...grouse rose and sailed along the ridges and down the draws toward the water, as if they were streams in themselves, flowing downward to the trees. Somewhere beyond the ridges and draws there may have been a fenceline, or perhaps an old homestead, but only somewhere beyond the sunset, beyond where men and dogs could see."

John Barsness
"Western Skies"
***Sporting Classics,* Nov./Dec. 1984**
[used with author's permission]

Sharp-tailed grouse at Custer Battlefield: Mike Logan
St. Paul Peak, Cabinet Mountains Wilderness: Peter Kagan

Lower Two Medicine Lake, Glacier National Park: Joyce Clarke Turvey
White-tailed ptarmigan: Steve Wirt

"... As I said, it was a fearsome big country, great reaches of it unknown even to a person like me who had been there since practically his first hour. You could look off across broken land at ranges of hills or mountains floating in a mirage. . . ."

Dan Cushman
Rusty Irons

[from the book *Rusty Irons* by Dan Cushman. © 1984
Reprinted with permission of the publisher Walker and Company]

"The *Mandan* went on, the river lessening and the land rising into shapes that no one could believe, like castles and ruins that old folk remembered from France, like forts and battlements, like shapes a man would see only when he had the fever or a craziness in the head . . . . A raw, vast, lonesome land, too big, too empty. It made the mind small and the heart tight and the belly drawn, lying wild and lost under such a reach of sky as put a man in fear of heaven. . . ."

A.B. Guthrie, Jr.
The Big Sky

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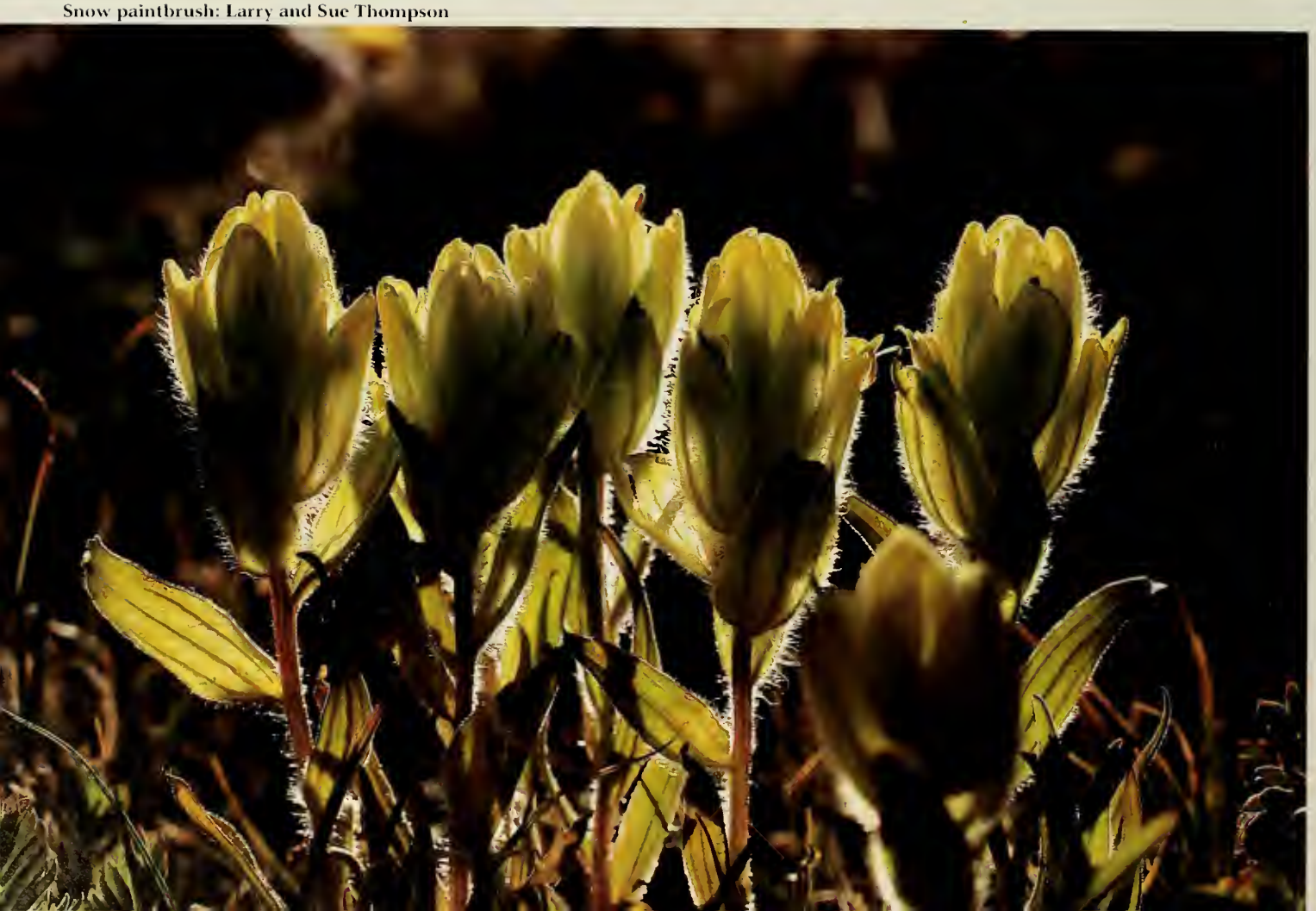
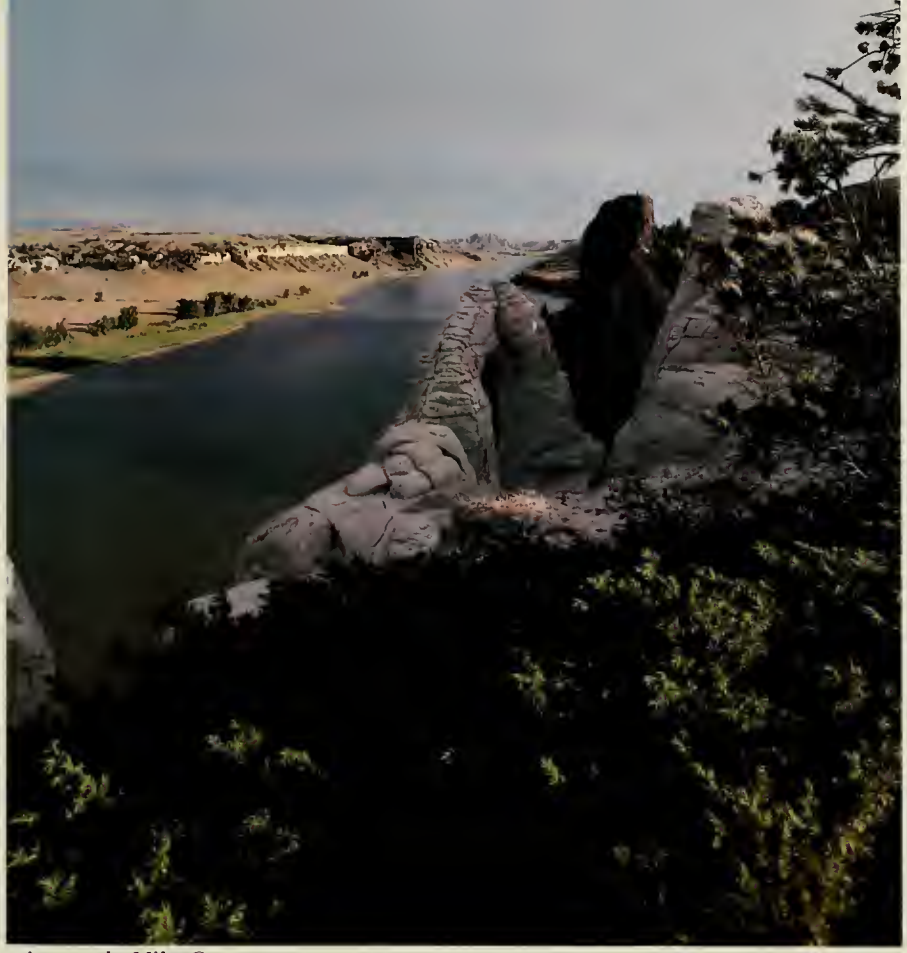
Snow paintbrush: Larry and Sue Thompson





Missouri River, Wild and Scenic stretch: Mike Gurnett
Whistling swans: Allen Corneliusen

"Some humans have a special relationship with trees.

"I'm thinking here not of the professional foresters, nor the academic dendrologists, certainly not the barrel-chested flannel-shirted fallers. No, it's gentler folk I have in mind. Persons neither scientific nor pragmatic, whose encounters with trees tend to be more intimate, more spontaneous, marked by an altogether different degree of sensitivity and—it might not be going too far to insert the word *mutual*—appreciation. People who can actually quiet themselves sufficiently to gaze at one individual tree and perceive there a real living creature conducting its own mortal business. . . ."

David Quammen
"The Tree People"
Natural Acts

© 1985, by David Quammen, from *Natural Acts*, Nick Lyons Books, 31 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010, $16.95 hard cover (used with permission)

Snapping turtle: Mike Aderhold
Young great horned owls: Mike Logan

"I cannot say how long I stayed in that spot, but the day was ebbing and the light began to play tricks on me. . . . His coat appeared velvet, with a depth and grain that seemed three-dimensional. . . .

"His ears went up, his shoulders quivered. The deafening stillness welled up between us, and I could not bring myself to break it. He wheeled with fluid grace and disappeared into the forest."

Norman Strung
"Hunter's Magic"
***Field & Stream,* December 1983**
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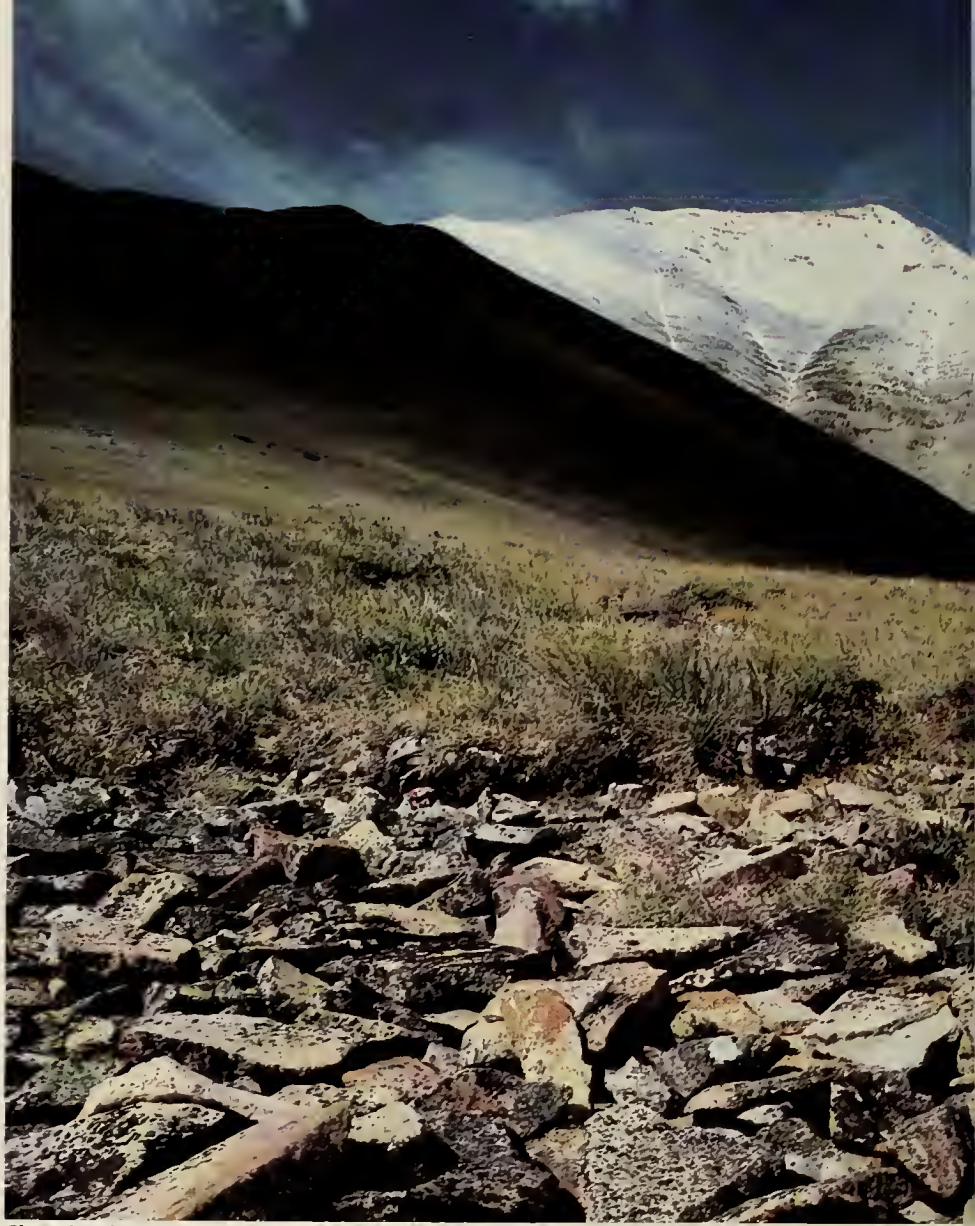
Whitetail doe: Michael H. Francis
Whitetail bucks: Ron Shade



Sheepherder's monument, Crazy Mountains: Tim Egan
Hoary marmots: Tim Lucas

Mule deer: Michael H. Francis

"There were plenty of mule deer that November and now the rut had begun, the time when big bucks, their necks heavy and their antler tips polished, come from the high rims and the far cedar pockets to assemble their harems of does and lose some of their caution. . . . The snow began some time during the night, hard-driven particles riding a wind from Idaho and coming down from the peaks into a Montana valley that was already sheathed in the beginnings of winter."

Charles F. Waterman
"Mule Deer"
The Part I Remember

© 1974, (out of print), Winchester Press, 220 Old New Brunswick Road; Piscataway, NJ 08854
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"Now, on an October day walk up a canyon in the Bitterroots—walk just a single mile and sit down. There will be a soft rustling of aspen, there will be a soft hushing in the tops of the tall pines—and no other sound—and no man has ever sat there before."

K. Ross Toole
"It Is A Long Haul"
Twentieth-Century Montana:
A State of Extremes

© 1972, The University of Oklahoma Press
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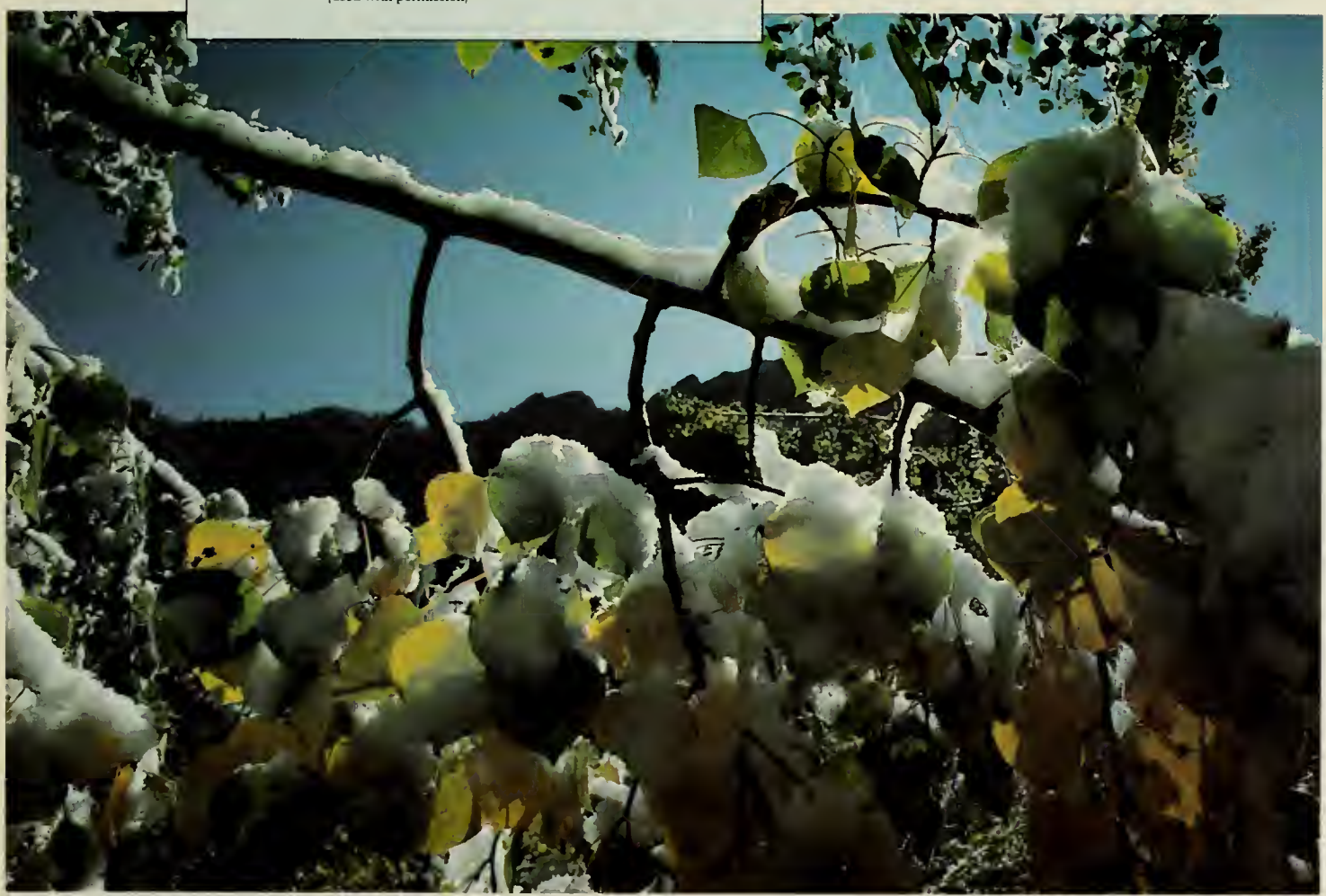
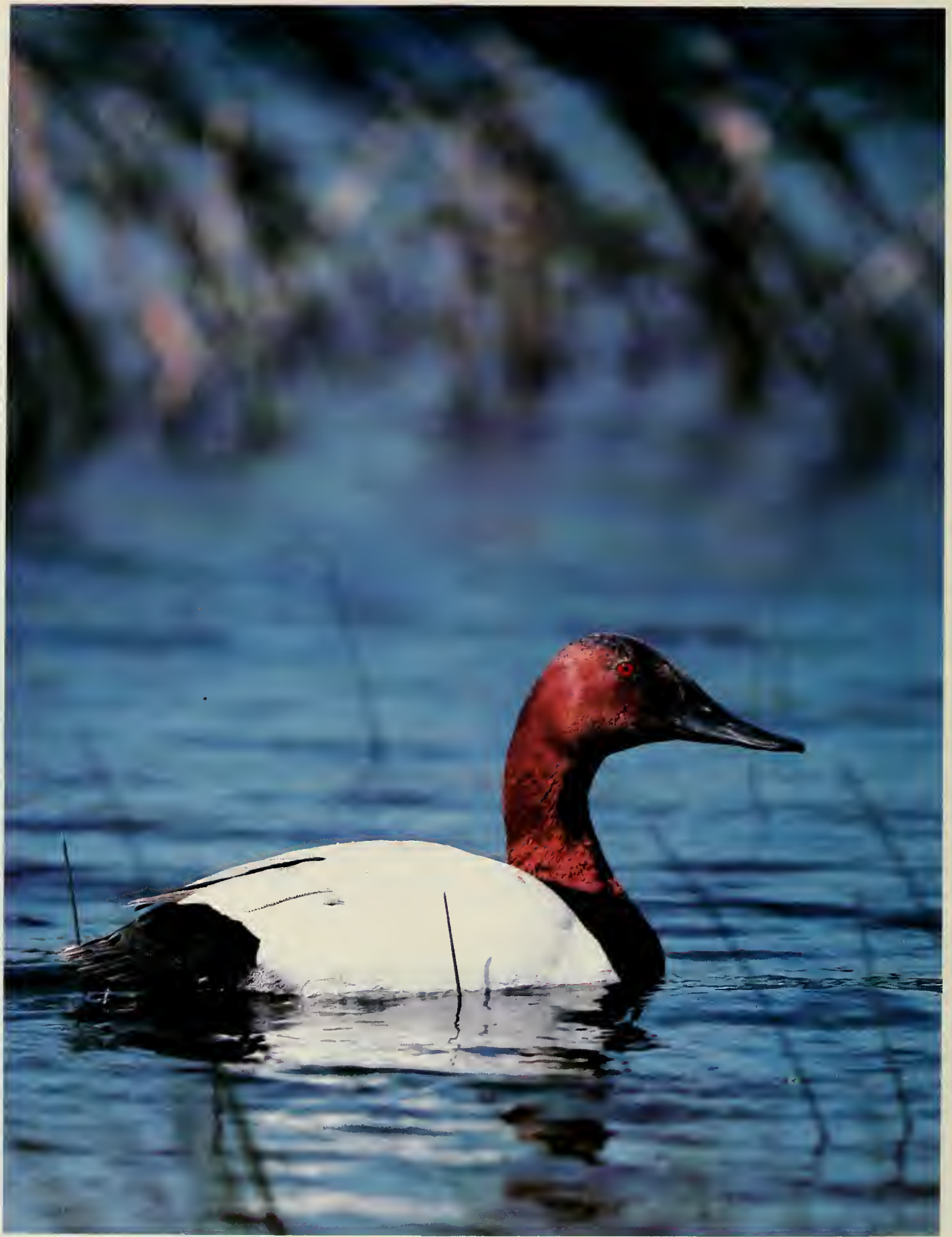
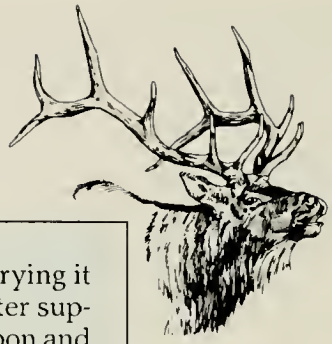


First snow: Tim Lucas
Trilobite Lakes, Bob Marshall Wilderness: Bob Cooney



Canvasback: William K. Vinje

Richardson ground squirrel: Keith Szafranski



"I ate the liver in camp that night, frying it over a fire beneath the wintry sky. After supper I brought out a small flask of bourbon and toasted myself. Then I toasted the elk, somberly, seriously, and I toasted the peaks and stars. I chose my words carefully and meant deeply everything I said."

Anthony Acerrano
"The Singular Season"
***Sports Afield,* January 1984**
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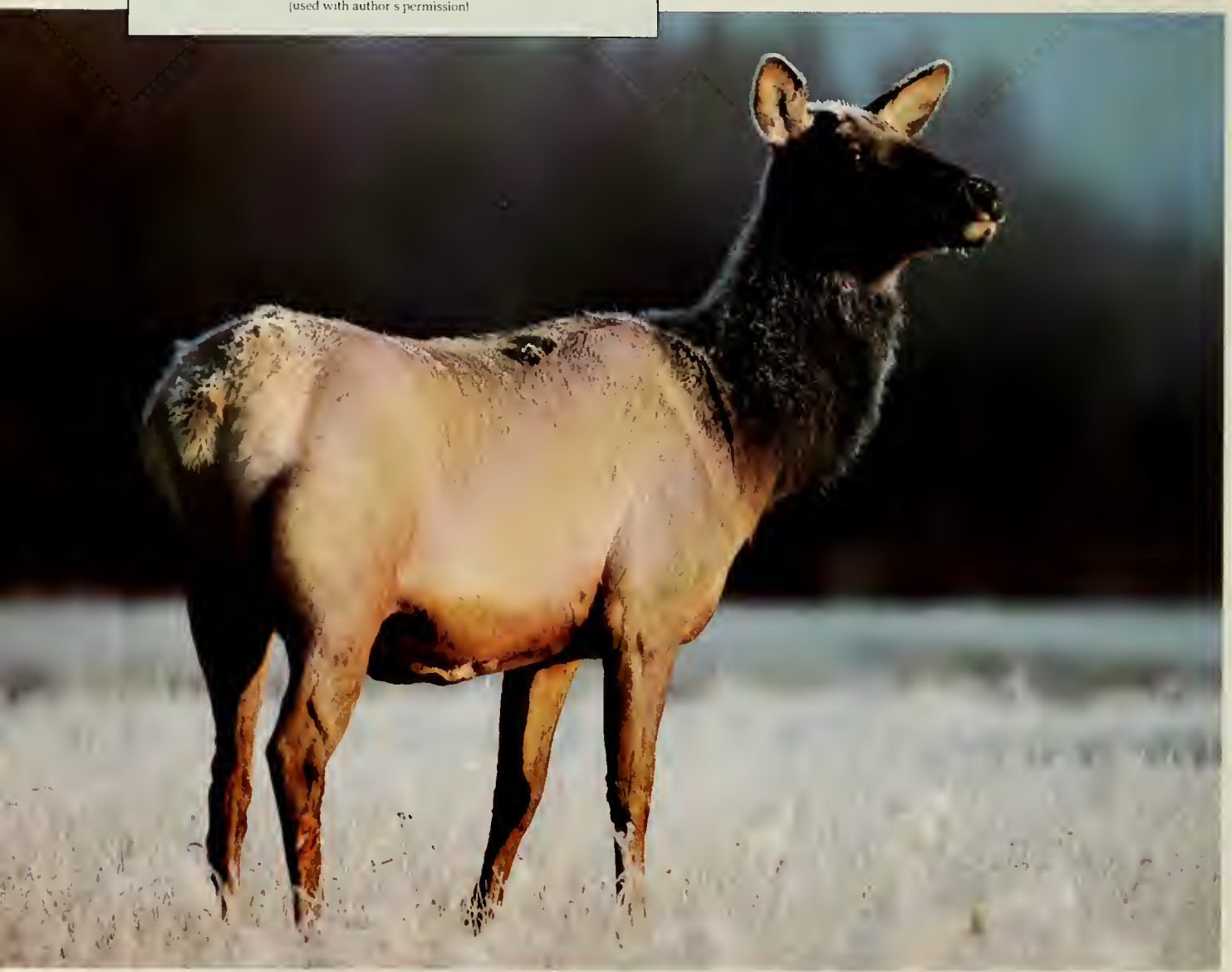

Cow elk: Conrad Rowe

Grizzly bear: Peter and Alice Bengeyfield
Water ouzel: Gary D. Holmes

"It is a truism, of course, that the degree of man's culture may be measured by the efficiency of his integration with his environment. . . ."

Joseph Kinsey Howard
"The Old North Trail"
Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome

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Yellow pine chipmunk: Alan G. Nelson
Golden eagle: Alan G. Nelson

Young pied-billed grebe: Keith Szafranski
Packin' in: Bill Thomas

Tiger swallowtail butterfly larva: Al DeMangelaere

"That enchanted beach is lost now, doubly lost. No living being can ever again see that white sand between the river and the forest or invite the kisses of the butterflies. First a forest fire destroyed the place. Then the reservoir behind Hungry Horse Dam flooded it forever. But in my memory it remains as it was, untouched, unhurt by fire or flood or time, and sometimes I go spinning back to it, and the butterflies still dance forever and flutter down to kiss my skin. It is my secret, remembered place where nobody goes but me."

Dorothy M. Johnson
When You and I Were Young, Whitefish

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